

# Good Morning 741

# COLCHESTER

D. N. K. Bagnall visits your Home Town

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Bastin-Kid With Million Dollar Boots

CLIFF BASTIN, Exeter-born football wonder, had won every big honour open to a professional footballer by the time he had reached his 21st birthday.

The game Bastin will remember best, and the shot which gave him greatest pleasure, was in the Cup semi-final of 1932.

Manchester City and Arsenal had both shown such great form that when the two teams met for the right to take part in the final, there were few who were prepared to say which of them would be the winner.

Aston Villa's ground was the venue for this match, and when the teams took the field a terrific roar greeted them, for both sides had brought with them many thousands of loyal followers.

It was Manchester City who first showed the way to goal, Eric Brook and Fred Tilson going close with shots that had Moss, in the Arsenal goal, well and truly beaten.

The Londoners, thanks to the wily Alex James, began to move together as a team, but the Manchester defence, with Sam Cowan, their skipper, outstanding at centre-half, were able to keep a firm grip upon the Arsenal attack.

When the whistle blew for half-time neither goal had fallen.

The teams obviously had a "pep talk" given to them during the interval, for when the game was resumed both displayed a dash and determination that brought the spectators to their feet with excitement.

But still that goal would not come.

Langford, in the City goal, and Moss, guarding Arsenal's net, were in great form, and when but one minute remained for play, Alex James, with one kick, altered everything.

For long periods Cliff Bastin



had stood on the touchline with little to do. Suddenly James, beating a Manchester defender, whipped the leather out to the slim, lone figure on the Arsenal left wing.

At once every City player realised the danger that threatened and hurried back to their goal area, but Bastin, as cool as the proverbial cucumber cut in.

He looked up for one fleeting second, and then crashed in a left-footed drive.

Langford leapt frantically to the left side of the goal, his arms outflung, and fingers clutching at the fast-moving ball.

He missed the flying leather; it crashed against the post and then curled into the goal.

The referee, after blowing for a goal, signalled the end of the game one second later.

Bastin's great effort put his club into the final, and was worth about £10,000 to Arsenal.

No wonder they called him the kid with the million-dollar shooting boots!

JOHN ALLEN.

THE only things I knew about Colchester were that it had an annual oyster feast and that it dated back to Roman times, having been one of the great military stations of the Legions. I had not heard of its castle, nor did I know that it still ranked as an important military town—nor had anyone told me of that most delightful of Tudor inns, "The Red Lion," standing in the wide High Street. I was fearfully ignorant.

I had pictured it rather as a sleepy old place, content to bask in what warmth remained from a gloried past, little concerned with anything that had happened later than the Middle Ages—only coming out of its shell once a year to celebrate the opening of the oyster season.

The present building is impressive and worthy of the town, though still a stripling in age.

**Preconceived ideas of cities and towns whose names you know well, but which you have never visited, are nearly always false.**

You usually get your picture of them from books or photographs which stress but one side of their appearance and atmosphere, or from the talk of people who have remembered only the quaint or queer, or something with which their interests happened to be concerned.

Thus, if you have never been to Leeds, you imagine it to be a place of soot, squalor, iron furnaces, and noise—yet there are in Leeds some very lovely spots.

You may imagine Oxford to be a dreamy place where University professors amble absent-mindedly through quiet streets—whereas you can lose your life as easily dodging traffic at Oxford as you can in London.

And I met a man, once, who thought Brighton was a quaint, dignified seaside place. He had never been there.

So, when I took down my suitcase from the rack of the railway carriage that had brought me that weary journey from London, and got out at Colchester Station, I had a great deal to learn.

Almost at once I learned that for a place with about nineteen centuries of history behind it Colchester is remarkably virile. As my visit proceeded I discovered that while it is proud of its many mellow buildings and relics of Roman times—and I believe there is no place in Britain where so many and such a wide variety of these have been dug up—it is proud, too, of its well-equipped industries and lively commerce.

About the first thing that strikes you when you come to the town is the Town Hall, on the north side of High Street—Colchester's main highway, and a pleasant street it is. This is a comparatively modern building, set up at the beginning of

### PARADE.

I suppose the next thing I saw was a soldier—and the next—and the next. And so on, until I got so used to them that they seemed part of the background of every corner and spot I visited.

Perhaps there was some kind of soldiers' holiday on at the time, for it is hard to believe that, even as a garrison town, Colchester can be so full of uniforms on normal occasions.

Almost adjoining the Town Hall is The Cups Hotel, the largest inn Colchester has, and though a pleasant enough place, not the most interesting.

For across the road is the Red Lion where, for the price of a half-pint of beer, you can enjoy some of the most perfect examples of Tudor architecture you can hope to see anywhere in the country.

Oak beams and carvings, in a state of preservation, that show that our forefathers knew how to build lasting things, are in every room, and unexpected steps down, and quaint corners, bring back to your mind all the beauties of all the timbered inns you have seen in all the counties of England.

It was at the Red Lion I heard about Colchester Castle.

Though regretting the necessity for leaving that delightful hostelry with its reminders of the Elizabethans, and of coaching days, I took up my hat and, half-feeling like bowing myself out, walked from the courtyard into High Street once more and set off for East Hill at the far end of the main street.

The Castle, built about the time of William the Conqueror, was a massive pile. Like so many good things, it nearly got pulled down in the last century when a man named Wheeley was allowed to buy the historic treasure for the contemptuous sum of a hundred pounds.

Wheeley intended to demolish it and use the stone—mostly hewn by the Romans—for building material.



But the Castle was too much for him.

He gave up the job when he had pulled down the top storey—damaged enough, but not sufficient to destroy the dignity and strength of that great stronghold.

The Castle Park is now a useful open space for the young men and girls of Colchester. There were lots of soldiers there as I walked through it.

All Colchester is history. You have only to pass through that narrow passageway that is Pelham's Lane into Trinity Street, and out through Schere Gate, to glimpse ancient buildings and notable remnants of the past to realise that.

Going along Abbey Street, crossing St. John's Green, you come to one of its chief jewels—the gateway of the great Benedictine Abbey that once stood there. The Abbey has gone, but this old gateway through which monks, kings and prelates (not to speak of beggars) walked, amazingly remains.

### CHURCHES.

Not much remains, either, of the town's ancient walls, though if you are curious (like I was) you can see a piece of it in gardens of cottages near Priory Street. I was directed to it while I was having a look at the imposing ruins of St. Botolph's Priory Church.

Most of Colchester's churches are old and worth visiting, if you have that turn of mind—St. Martin's, St. Mary's at the Walls, St. Peter's, St. James'. They each have their individual contribution to make to the town's wealth of antiquities, and so to that mellow air that merges with the commercial enterprise of the town.

Colchester is one of those ancient towns that are fortunate in having a main by-pass skirting their bounds.

Ever since 1933, when it was completed, through-traffic has disappeared from the streets, which are busy enough without it, and have left the place to the more leisurely gait of those who have business in it or who come to it for pleasure.

Colchester will more and more be thankful for this, for it will remain more of the town it has been through the centuries—a market centre for the surrounding countryside.

In its inns, on Saturdays—in the "George," the "Salisbury," in those two hostleries I have already mentioned, in the smaller pubs of the main streets and by-streets, you will still hear the Essex dialect as farmers talk over the business of the market or make slow bargains over a glass or two of beer.

On that day, more than another, Colchester slips back into its age-long role. But not altogether. For there will be queues at the Hippodrome in High Street and at the Playhouse Cinema in St. John's Street.

Even the soldiers dovetail into historic Colchester. For, no doubt, a couple of thousand years ago, Roman legionaries passed along High Street to a favourite pub, or took their girls to see some show on a holiday.

I had almost forgotten the oysters.

Perhaps that is because there was no "R" in the month when I was in Colchester. At any rate, there was no sign of them or of their importance in the prosperity of the town.

Right through the ages every one seems to have agreed that Colchester oysters are the best there are. The Romans were so impressed by them that they took specimens and sent them to Italy for fattening in the Lake of Lucrine.

They flourish in the little creeks at the mouth of the Colne River, near Brightlingsea and Mersea, and the most exquisite of the lot come from waters of Pyfleet.

I must return to Colchester some time when they are in season. Until then I must swallow in anticipation.

## Michael Wakes Up for L.Sig. S. Newstead

IF it wasn't stormy, the night was certainly dark when we called to get some news from 35, Rathmore Road, Cambridge, for you, L.Sig. Sidney Newstead.

We had, unfortunately, written to more people than we could reasonably manage in one day, but we thought we would call just to see how far out we would get thrown.

Well, we didn't get the refusal we had expected, although Nan tore us off a strip or two. We hardly blame her, either, because we interrupted her face-pack ritual, and that is presumably almost unforgivable!

Your wife's sister Kathleen, who supplied the information, was helping in this business with your wife, who had put Michael to bed when—as we said—we interrupted.

Mrs. Newstead turned on the light so that we could get you a picture of Michael asleep, but he woke up for us. You will

notice that at 13 months he is a really bonny baby.

He's preparing to be a real sailor by taking two baths a day to get used to the water.

He loves it, and climbs the stairs all alone to get to it.

About halfway up your wife asks him how he's getting on, and Michael bravely replies, "Okay." It is his favourite expression, and one that might indeed be applied to all the other folk at home.

We would like to add a line about the latest wine your wife's mother has made. We had some, and can vouch wholeheartedly for its potency, and advise you to return to try some before it has all gone.

It is good, too, to the expert eye of Nan, who is going to submit it to the Romsey Town Horticultural Show in the hope that it will receive commendation.

Mrs. Newstead is very much looking forward to a trip to Hichin again.



Throw bricks at us if you like (the Editor is building a house, anyway), but for goodness sake WRITE!

Address:  
"Good Morning,"  
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,  
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.



# THE. PSALM-SINGER'S TRIUMPH

THE sun was shining brightly two hundred, so I told him to take t'tell yo dat we can't get no posi-  
the following morning when it Of course he took it. tion, suh. I kin sail by compass, saved him from the fierce outburst  
Fatty Stinnes returned from his So that's him out of the way. sub, but I can't take observation, which rose to Evans's lips. It  
shore visit. There was a smile "When we lift the cases we can, suh." It cooled the mate also. He saw that  
on his face as he climbed the rope shoot them across to U.S.A. and while he and Stinnes were drink-  
ladder and gave the word for the then get rid of this crew some- ing the schooner was merely  
schooner to hoist her sail and go where and retire with more than sailing anywhere. The crew had  
out into the open sea; and when five thousand between us." been helpless, for the compass  
they had crossed the bar and were Bud Evans nodded, and opened was destroyed.

beyond hail of land he took his a second bottle. mate below for breakfast. "I never had any use for a  
"We can open up that box now, conche," he said. "I hate them  
Bud," he said with a chuckle. religious swine. They ain't got  
"I got rid of the conche for good brains for a business deal. When  
and all. It's all bunk, that saying we laid the *Skylark* on the coral  
that whites are not clever enough I thought we might have difficulty  
to put one over on a conche." in getting a diver to suit us, but  
"How'd you get on?" asked when Jamaica Joe hove in sight  
Evans, as he ripped the lid off I knew we could fix it. Well,  
the case, which lay in the corner here's how!"

They sat over the bottles until well into the morning, and when they went on deck neither of them could see well enough to make the course. So they returned and opened more bottles.  
For the whole day this went on, and by that time the case was empty. Bud Evans woke out of a sleep to find that he had a headache and that Fatty Stinnes was lying in his bunk snoring peacefully.  
Evans went to the cuddy where the new cook made him a mug of black tea, which he swallowed at a gulp. Then he went aft. Night was coming down by this time.

"Did you pay him the dollars?" demanded Bud.  
"Did I smile? Think I was going to give that galoot half a thousand for dying? No, sir. After I had settled his passage, and got him to sign his name to it, and all the preliminaries, I told the son of a gun that I couldn't afford to give him more than two hundred. Told him that the beans were to the day—?—  
"Yo bet, suh," replied the simple he believed the bean story. bosun, showing his white teeth. t'say nothin' until yo was sober, Well, he kicked at first about the

## Concluding the sea yarn JAMAICA JOE—GALOOT

The mate's brain began to clear suddenly. He jumped towards the binnacle and peered into the compass box.

"What the—" The exclamation was never ended, for the mate's eyes were standing out of his head. The compass needle was swinging wildly to and fro from east to west and from north to south like a broken watch hand.

"Fetch a lantern somebody. Quick!"

A lantern was fetched and Evans began to examine the binnacle. He found the cause of the trouble soon enough.

The head of the case had been unscrewed and the compass had been prized off the gimbals by a thin piece of iron, which had been thrust inside.

"When did this happen? Who's been monkeying with the binnacle?"

"Nobody, suh," declared the bosun. "De cover was on de binnacle when de first watch came up dis mornin'. We were out in de open before we saw de damage. But yo was busy—wid de skippah—and we didn't want t'say nothin' until yo was sober, suh."

White to the lips with rage Evans stood trying to grasp the situation.

Night was on. There was nothing to give him a course except the stars, and there were no stars out. They had lost at least twenty-four hours; that meant, even if they got a course by the following morning, another twenty-four hours in recovery, and there was no saying what drift they had to reckon with.

He went down to the cabin and roused Stinnes and told him the situation. He had to repeat it several times before the skipper understood. They couldn't lift their loot now and take it to Florida. No seaman could take a ship through the maze of islands day and night without a compass and a course.

"Show me the bit of iron that's thrown the compass out," said Stinnes at last, in a voice of dreadful calm.

Evans handed it over. It was a long thin piece of smooth metal.

"That's Jamaica Joe's diving iron, Bud. I see the whole thing. He kept ship's watch that night we arrived at Tortuga. What are you going to do about that?"

Bud Evans swore a great oath. he's back in the saloon. And then—"I'm going back to Tortuga Oh, just let me see him! We'll get Jamaica Joe," he said put him in jail for damaging the grimly. "The loot can wait. schooner—after we've finished with He'll sing a new psalm when I him!"

They landed together and almost "Same here, Bud. We can just ran up the sloping white street manage it before the mail boat and into the saloon.

The proprietor stood behind his There was no more drinking bar, wiping glasses on his apron. in the cabin of the schooner. Behind him was a formidable Stinnes enforced a strictness which array of bottles on his shelves. surprised even the mate. Dawn "Where's that conche?" be- showed them that they were some gan Stinnes quickly. "We want distance at sea; but Fatty the nigger I booked with you for Stinnes had not sailed the Carib- the mail boat—is he aboard bean for nothing.

He ran due west, picked out the tail of the Bahama Bank on the horizon and then went north within sight of land.

He reached Tortuga harbour after being three days and nights on the deck of his schooner— three days and nights during which the fever for revenge on Jamaica Joe burned into his blood.

"The mail boat's in," said Evans, jerking his thumb over at the liner, which lay at the end of the jetty.

"So's our luck, Bud. Get the boat out. We'll go ashore together and get the saloon keeper to bring the conche off, if he's on. We'll keep out of the way until

5. If you knew a Mr. Ayscough, how would you pronounce his name?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Letter, Postcard, Telegram, Letter-card, note.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 740

1. Edgar Allan Poe.
2. Two.
3. A.D. 1020; by Canute.
4. God-willing (Deo volente).
5. Bee-ton.
6. Tripery is a tripe-shop; others mean "threefold."

## QUIZ for today

1. What famous novelist had "Charles John Huffham" for his Christian names?
2. Iceland-spar is a geyser in Iceland, yard-arm of a whaler, candy, mineral?
3. What is a copophone, and what is its more common name?
4. For what do the letters C.T.C. stand?

## BEHIND THE SCREEN

By Cathryn Rose

MUCH-ACCLAIMED actress and award winner Jennifer Jones traces her family tree back to a princess of one of the Indian tribes who used to be around Oklahoma.

COMPETITION between two publicans is the theme of the latest George Formby film which is in production at Denham.

It is called "Remember the Unicorn"—the "Unicorn" being an ancient tavern, and George "mine host" who desires that it be remembered.

He hopes to make the "Unicorn" the most popular house of call, but there is competition from across the river, in the shape of the up-to-date "Lion Inn." Though this rivalry may be serious, the film should be quite up to George Formby's usual hilarious style.

FOLLOWING on the rumour about Charles Dickens being taken over by Hollywood comes the news that Darryl Zanuck is going to make "The Old Curiosity Shop" in Technicolor.

Stars already chosen are Roddy McDowall and Peggy Ann Garner as Little Nell.

These Dickensian novels and stories offer scope for very fine acting and superlative adaptation, and it will be interesting to see the results, but will we be able to do anything about those American accents?

A GARRISON theatre at a South Coast port recently housed the first performance of "The London Revue," E.N.S.A.'s biggest and most ambitious show yet, having the final polish added before leaving for the Mediterranean and the Middle East.

The scene in which the statue of Lord Nelson talks about London to the inquisitive American soldier, who has climbed up the the celebrated column in Trafalgar Square, was one of the high spots of the show.

Pointing out the Admiralty, the famous seaman describes it as "The Sailors' Labour Exchange," and when asked what people do there, remarks, philosophically, "Gawd only knows!" Seems the old boy knew a thing or two.

TO achieve the cockney accent needed for her latest Paramount picture, "Kitty," Paulette Goddard was coached by Connie Emerald, the mother of Ida Lupino.

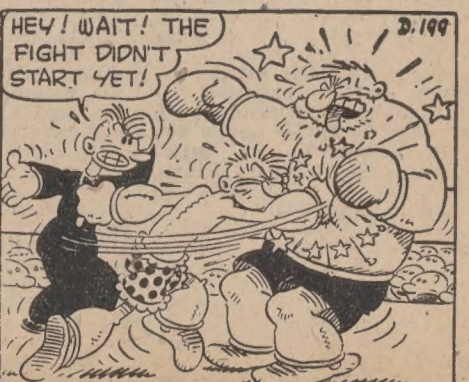
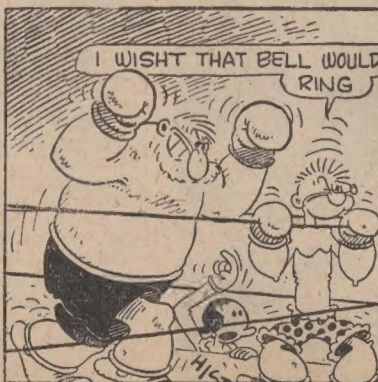
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE





Wangling Words No. 679

1. Behead to test and get to wander.  
2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? **Raw vole rafi dan ni 'slai.**  
3. Name three common birds which can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines.  
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: **The pretty fell for the man wearing most**

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 678

- 1. P-rice.
- 2. Where there's a will there's a way.
- 3. Tin.
- 4. Dealer, leader.

JANE

Jamaica Joe—Galoot

(Continued from Page 2)  
which lay on the counter and gazed dazedly at it.  
"Where'd you get this?" he asked in a stricken tone.  
"That's what I'm going to tell you two. It was the conche better go easy with Jamaica Joe. who put me on to it. He had You can't jump his claim. He was found a cache down on a cay and diving for Amazon beans for you for a full minute; then turned gave me the location. I sent a folk. Anyway, I'd advise you to on their heels and walked through lugger three days ago and there it keep away from the Bank for a the swing door of the saloon into is—all in tin-lined cases it was, while until the Skylark affair the sunshine towards the harbour.  
the best champagne in the world. blows over."  
I acted square with him and gave "What do you mean?" a trader edging out over the bar him half share—three thousand demanded Evans, but there was a of Tortuga in front of the mail dollars. It's best to be square falter in his voice.  
with conches. You can't put one "Oh, that conche says he saw galley door. He had nailed several paper over on them."  
"Where'd you say this cache beans. He says she was scuttled, texts to the walls of his galley was?" gasped Evans. "Oh, anchored to the coral and sunk and he looked on the world with Lord!" slow and easy. He took her serenity, for he was bound for  
"On a cay over on the Bank. manifest and log book, and my Jamaica, working his passage as The conche told me he'd have left advice to you is to clear out before cook. He stepped to the side of the it to rot if it had been, rum. the warrant is issued for wrecking. He ship as she struck the big open mumured. "I quits 'de divin' Strange notions them chaps deve- her, if it isn't out already. He was ship as she struck the big open Amen." lop when they take to religion—" struggling with his conscience swell and looked over at a small

PUZZLE CORNER

When you have filled in the answers to the clues given, you will find the centre column down gives you the instruments we all use every day.

- 1. Space between two feet in stepping.
- 2. A temporary cessation.
- 3. Kind of cement.
- 4. Not true.

- 5. Encounters.
  - 6. To move with haste.
  - 7. In a dry manner.
- (Solution to-morrow.)

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schooner being trimmed for sea. Into the deep water he dropped a square package the size of a log book which he had weighted with a diving bar and a fire iron.  
His voice rose in a soft chant of happy fervour:  
**Rum is de foe ob man.**  
"A cane junk for mine," he murmured. "I quits 'de divin' Amen."

People Are Queer

If it hadn't been for Sir Hugh Elles, who died recently, it might have taken much longer for tank warfare to develop. As commanding officer of those novel and ungainly beasts which first went into the attack at Cambrai in 1917 to bust a hole in the Hindenburg Line, he had to fight die-hard opposition.  
But he won through, and proved the value of the forerunners of the Sherman, Tiger and Cromwell.  
As he led the attack, he hoisted his flag in the foremost tank, and from that time onwards was known as "Admiral of the Tanks."  
When an irate and critical senior officer, pointing to some tanks moving spasmodically through a sticky marsh, exclaimed "Why don't they get a move on?" Admiral, Tanks, replied soothingly. "Because they are not part of the Royal Air Force, sir."  
L.A.C. R. A. BURT, with the R.A.F. in the Middle East, is one of those chaps who think the Army Post Office pretty slick. He had a letter from his Mom, who lives in Kilburn High Road, two hours before it was posted. At least, that's what he gathers from the postmark.  
He opened the letter at 11.00 hours, July 9. The postmark informed him that it had been posted at Kilburn at 13.15 the same day.  
D. N. K. B.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

SCENA	ERUPT
MAXIMUM	RUE
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REP DIRECTS	
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AGED LEAS	
INSTEAD LET	
N ENO DEAR	
ECHO ICY MI	
POOR TOECAP	
TOPSY DRONE	

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39				40				

- CLUES ACROSS.—1 Make dark. 7 Spot of work. 10 One of U.S.A. 11 Rubbish. 13 Yellowish-red. 15 Colours. 16 From. 17 Fish. 19 Anger. 20 Farical dramas. 21 Fondle. 22 Hint. 23 Through. 24 Perched. 25 Teacher. 28 Clothed. 30 Nut. 31 Morning. 32 Book. 34 Obscure. 36 Charge again. 38 Attention. 39 Young fishes. 40 Contend.
- CLUES DOWN.—1 Wild ox. 2 Hang around. 3 Beard of corn. 4 Club carrier. 5 Sign of hesitation. 6 Snare. 7 Evergreen. 8 Stableman. 9 Hemmed in. 12 Tree. 14 Tropical tuber. 18 Commenced. 20 Changeably. 22 Visitor. 23 Cogent. 24 Timber joint. 26 Wooden vessel. 27 Insect. 29 Double turn. 31 Islets. 33 Scot. 35 Female animal. 37 Suffice.



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE







★ **THIS ENGLAND.**—Every year, when Spring comes to this island, the ploughman takes his team and the good earth is broken under the ploughshare once more. And on the broad saddle-backed downs above Patcham, the sea-gulls follow this three-horse team, scarring the long furrows in the Sussex earth.



**BRINGING UP A BIG FAMILY.**  
In these days of one-child families, let us consider for a moment a family with seventeen children. Willie and Annie Witham, of Todmorden, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, have eight boys and nine girls. Above you see the family sitting down to a meal—at least, you see some of them, for the Witham family

has its meals in "shifts." When the first lot have finished, they get up and the second lot file in! On the left, you see what it looks like to clean shoes for the Witham family. Fifteen-year-old Mary is the eighth in this big and happy Yorkshire family. Mary doesn't go out to work—she stays at home to help mother with the housework and the younger children.



**"JUST A BIRD IN A GILDED CAGE."**  
Here's just the right sort of ornament that would look fine on the old what-not. Seems Virginia Mayo blew her top when she heard about the War Department ban on "leg" shots. So she decided to pose for the pin-up shot to end all pin-ups! And here it is. Careful, boys you'll break the glass case.